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WOMAN'S ENTERPRISE.

How Many Ladies Make a Living for Themselves.

The hosts of women who flock to the cities without employment or the definite promise of positions, hoping to achieve at once fame and fortune in the busy whirl, should take warning by the almost hopeless struggle of thousands of their predecessors, says the New York Mail and Express, and look for example rather to such instances of success at home as are afforded by workers like Mrs. Thomas S. Taylor, of Plainfield, N. J., who has built up a large business in the making of mince-meat and plum puddings. The details of Mrs. Taylor's success are not commonly known. She is a daughter-in-law of the popular Dr. Taylor, late of Grace Church, and as in the case of so many women there was a family home, not sufficient income. Her next-door neighbor was the late Mrs. Helen Nitch, better known by her name de plume of "Catherine Owen," who gave her the sensible advice that she put her culinary skill to some account for money making.

"I'll give you a famous plum-pudding recipe," said Mrs. Nitch, "and you have your own mince-meat formula; the market, if the things are good, won't be long in appearing."

Mrs. Taylor went among her old friends in Grace parish explaining her project. The holidays were coming, and she took \$40 worth of orders as a result of her first day's expedition. All days, of course, were not so prosperous, but among the neighbors and townspeople her wares grew in demand. By and by the Plainfield grocer began to keep them, and now there are several groceries in New York where they are also on sale. Mrs. Taylor has as much as she can attend to, and all without the necessity of leaving her home.

Often it needs but the courage to try, and results are won in some similar field. The women all over the country who are asking themselves almost hopefully: "What can I do that will not take me away from my little ones?" might take courage if they knew of the stories of other home workers whose successes are real if not large or spectacular enough to receive much public attention. Here is an instance which has come under my notice in Brooklyn. A woman, much of whose time is occupied in the care of a number of children was looking about in quest of something that might bring in money.

Her leaves being famous in the field which had tasted their sweetness and lightness, to add a syllable to it. This neighbor agreed to take a trial every day, and three or four other families were found ready to enter into the arrangement. With a market for perhaps half a dozen loaves assured the experiment was quickly under way, with no very sanguine expectations of success, but in default of any better plan this was about eight or ten months ago, and without any very strenuous effort to push the business, it has grown to about the limits prescribed by the sticky baker's time and the capacity of an ordinary range oven.

Twenty-five loaves is about the average daily taking and sometimes there are too few to supply the demand. The bread is mixed in several batches, and is even kept hot until all are out of the way. Two sizes of loaves are supplied, selling at six and ten cents respectively. The bread is weighed to keep the loaf of standard measure, according to the usual custom at bakeries. Monday has proved the poorest day in the week for bread selling, but good sales are to be counted on for Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. The average profit is about four dollars per week, clear. No fortune certainly, but there are thousands of women whose skills would be brighter if they could see a way to add that amount regularly to their incomes.

Two other young married women make handles for sale in a country village. They began during the holiday season, and found it an easy matter to get their wares placed on sale in the village drug store. They asked six cents a pound, but the landlady, drunk materially in weight through evaporation if not disposed of immediately, and they had not learned the art of making it as tempting to the eye as the palate. But they renewed the experiment, packing their sweets—now as dainty as heart could desire—in small fancy boxes holding perhaps half a pound. Each box sells for twenty-five cents, and the candy is made only to order. There have been far more orders than they could fill.

One woman in Brooklyn, assisted by a half-grown daughter, picks vegetables for sale and puts up preserves. She does a very good business. Another woman has a very practical idea. Many housewives thoroughly appreciate soup, and are deterred from having it on their tables because they think that to make soup stock is very tedious and time-consuming. This woman buys beef bones, boils them down, bottles and seals the stock and offers it for sale. She finds a good market among neighboring families.

How to Wash Windows.

A sponge is excellent for washing windows, and newspapers will polish them without leaving dust and streaks. Use a pine stick to cleanse the accumulations of dust from the corners of the sash. Ammonia will give the glass a clearer look than soap.

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SHE WAS IMPATIENT.

She Was Impatient for Leaving Her P. House.

A Boston housewife was going north the other evening with a young lady and an old gentleman as sole passengers on the maiden exhibited symptoms of impatience at the slow progress made. The car, says the New York Ledger, had to halt for a team on the track, and she would have got off but for the gentleman, who said: "It's only for half a minute—don't be impatient." Then the car waited two minutes on a switch, and she puffed her head out of the window, then got out, walked up and down and was on the platform when he said: "There comes the other car. You seem so impatient that I am led to believe that some of your family are sick. Let us go?"

"They are all unusually well," she replied, as she took her seat again.

One block more and the car left the track. She waited half a minute to see if it could be hauled on again in sight away, and then she started to go.

"It will be all right in a minute," protested the old gentleman.

"Can't see it," she curtly replied.

"Then you will go?"

"I will."

"And it isn't sickening?"

"See here," she said, standing on the lower step, "if you are going to know the cause of my hurry I will tell you. My house is to be at the house at half past eight, and I am not going to run the risk of losing a good offer for all the children and all the street car. No, no, no! There! Does that make you feel any better?"

The old man pondered it as the car slowed around and bounced and bobbed and he concluded that she was perfectly correct, though a little impatient.

LAUGHED AT HIMSELF.

Abraham Lincoln Could Take a Joke as Well as Give One.

Those who knew Abraham Lincoln knew that he could take as well as give in the matter of a joke, says the Chicago Journal. In the spring of 1846 he left Springfield, Ill., for Washington by stage to accept the Commissioner'ship of the General Land Office. On the stage were Thomas H. Nelson, of Tennessee, afterward Minister to Chile, an Abraham Hammond, afterward Governor of Indiana. They found Lincoln asleep alone, with his long, lank form stretched across all the seats. After a sleep on the back he sat up, and then, inventing an individual dressed in a worn and ill-fitting suit of bombazine without vest or cravat, and a pale face, he looked at the back of his head. Here was a subject and the pair proceeded to perpetrate several jokes. Lincoln took them with the utmost innocence and good nature and joined in the laugh, although at his own expense. When they stopped for dinner the conversation turned on the new comet of that year, and at the table, with the twenty-five-cent palm leaf under his arm, Lincoln asked: "What is going to be the upshot of this comet business?" Nelson replied that he was inclined to the opinion that the world would "follow the damned thing off." The three did not meet again for years—not until Lincoln arrived in Indianapolis on his way to Washington to be inaugurated President. As they approached the door of the hotel in the capital, Nelson exclaimed: "Hello, Nelson! Do you think, after all, the world's going to follow the damned thing off?"

WOMEN AS FARMERS.

They Are as Skillful and Practical Managers as Their Husbands.

Farmers who find the business profitable owe much of their success to the good management of their wives, says an Indianapolis News. It is conceded by all that a farmer without a wife who is a good home manager can not expect to make money. As a general thing, farmers' wives are as skillful managers as their husbands, and share almost equally with them the burdens and privations of farm life. A woman who has been reared in the country finds pleasure and health in overseeing the dairy, the garden and the poultry yard, as well as looking after her household duties. When a farmer has such a wife he can devote his entire time to his general farm work, and at the end of the year the profits will be well nigh doubled.

There are in Indiana a great many women who farm extensively and are as skillful in the business as any of the men. These women have made money out of the business, and would not give it up for any other calling. Marion County has quite a number of women who have begun giving farming much thought, and are equipped to make the business a success. Many of these ladies are members of the county agricultural societies, and their views are always given as much weight as those expressed by the male members.

Mrs. Ida Richardson, who was brought up on a farm south of the city, followed her husband to the city, and depended largely upon the business made by her husband. She would have the wife be a helpmate to the husband in all things; not a slave to work, but a woman who takes an interest in the affairs of the farm and manages the home so as to increase the husband's profits. She thinks the country home is, or should be, the ideal life.

A bar of iron worth \$10 is worth \$10 after it is made into horse-shoes; made into needles, it is worth \$1,000; made into pen-knife blades, it is worth \$1,000; made into balance-springs of watches, it is worth \$250,000.

BEAUTIFUL SCIENCE.

A Chat with One of New York's Black-Eye Artists.

All Sorts of Facial Disfigure Covered Up by an Expert—Red Nose Painted White—The Work of Sanitizers Cleverly Imitated.

The black-eye artist of the Bowery has recently added several new accomplishments to his great specialty, says the New York Sun. Having achieved local fame as a skillful disfigure of the most embarrassing of facial disfigurements, he is endeavoring to meet the frequent demands that are made upon him to conceal other physical defects of a more or less compromising nature. He has attained such proficiency with his brush and powder and cosmetics that he is ready to guarantee that one of his painted eyes will pass even a suspicious wife's scrutiny. This success has led him to make the treatment of red noses his latest specialty, and he is doing a rushing business in this and some incidental side lines.

"It is curious," said he with a significant smile, "that we never have a black eye brought in here that was received in a fight. They are always caused by accidents more or less peculiar. Of course most men run against a door in the dark, or slip on the stairs and strike the banisters, or if it is warm and he is a family man he is playing ball with the children." The woman—"Women!"

"Blame you, yes, lots of 'em, and they're mighty particular, I tell you. I wish they would stay away, for there's no money in painting eyes for women at fifty cents an eye. I started to tell you the women always have some accident in connection with their domestic duties, or give in explanation of the unsightly marks, for a woman—or a man either, or that matter—never fails to explain to us elaborately just how it happened. Most of our black-eye customers, if the truth were told, are clerks in stores and offices who have been on a bit of a time, and who know it won't do to carry the marks of it around in sight of their employers. There really are other things than another man's fist that will cause a black eye, but you can't make anybody believe it. So it usually happens that a man who has innocently met with an accident is anxious to get rid of the suggestive marks of it as is another chap who has been in a brawl and has got worsted. As a matter of fact, nearly all our customers are respectable people. Plug uglies don't come to consult a black eye. It gives them a distinguished appearance that they are rather proud of. It is the man of standing who, after he has tried raw sea-biscuits, an ice compress, a brown paper plaster, and all the other things a vain, comes in despair to us. He might as well come at once, for a black eye once gained is not to be got rid of in a day or two, and it will be nearly two weeks before the natural color is fully restored. How many black eyes do we treat? Well, the average now is very nearly one hundred a week. A black eye should be painted fully twice a week while it lasts. Some victims who are fearful of discovery come in every morning while the affliction lasts to be touched up a little on their way to business."

"How do you manage with red noses?"

"Oh, in the same way. It is a more delicate job to put the innocent complexion of youth upon a nose deep-dyed by high living of half a lifetime. The nose is the most prominent feature, and the most skillful work is required to disguise its color so that the handiwork of the artist will not betray itself. Nobody ever admits that his carmine-tipped nose is the result of dissipation or high living. It is always a case of erysipelas. We don't attempt to cure a nose, although our sign outside announces, 'Red Noses Cured.' We only disguise them. No, nobody comes regularly to have a nose painted. We have regular customers, however, who come in as a special occasion may make it necessary. The explanation usually given, and I have no doubt it is true, is that the owner of the unbecoming proboscis intends to attend a funeral and wants to be made inconspicuous."

"What other work do you do?"

"Oh, a great variety. We even make black eyes as well as cure them. Only a week ago a man came in here and asked me to paint one of his eyes terribly black. He had bucked the tiger the night before, and had lost almost all the money, a large sum. He didn't dare to come home without an innocent explanation of his loss, so he had faked up a startling story about being sandbagged and robbed. I supplied him with corroborative evidence of the sandbagging in my most artistic style. It is a very common thing for men who are candidates for the police and fire departments to come in here to get fixed up before submitting to the physical examination. We cover up marks of all injuries and other defects very skillfully. I can assure you. There was a fellow here only three days ago who had had a hole or depression in his leg. We fixed it up and colored it naturally, and didn't believe the deception was detected. Yes, we supply all sorts of disguises. I presume the purpose is always innocent. We don't ask any questions. It's none of our business."

Apples Will Keep Cakes Moist.

Two apples kept in a cake-box will keep moderately rich cakes moist a great length of time, if the apples are renewed when withered.

GEORGE WAS HONEST.

How a Chicago Man Made His Wife Feel Goodly Cheap.

A young married woman on the North side suddenly grew suspicious of her husband, who before his marriage had been "one of the boys," and recently she determined to catch him. Monday, says the Chicago Tribune, he told her he had to go to the lodge.

"That is only his excuse," she said to herself. "He'll not fool me this time."

As soon as he was around the corner she was after him in a cab. The husband, oblivious of the espionage he was under, went straight to the lodge hall. The cab was pulled up when a view of the hall entrance was obtained, and there was a hint.

"He will be down soon," repeated the wife to herself, "and then I will catch him as he comes out."

At ten o'clock, however, and the husband came down with the other members. The "shadow" in the cab was alert to catch every word.

"Come, George," she heard some one say, "let's have a drink before you go home."

"Not to-night," she next heard in reply. "I must go straight home. My wife did not seem well, and I am anxious about her."

Then the husband started off homeward at a brisk walk.

"Whip your horse," the now crestfallen wife exclaimed frantically to the caddy. "I must get home before he does."

The welcome the husband received that night was a surprise to him. "This seems," he said, "like old times."

LIGHT-WEIGHT BREAD.

How a Delicately Eaten Was Retained by Her Stomach.

It occurred in war times in Charleston when that city was under martial law, says the St. Louis Republic. Just then flour was scarce and several of the bakers succumbed to temptation and made short-weight bread. This came to the ears of the authorities and the provost-marshal was armed with a pair of scales and sent around to the baker's shops early every morning to weigh the bread. All short-weight bread found was confiscated. This had a good effect and after a few confessions the provost-marshal usually found all things regular. One morning one of the bakers received the usual call from the marshal and his hake was taken from the oven and weighed and found correct to an ounce. But during the night this man had surreptitiously baked a quantity of light-weight bread and stored it away under the counter. Just as the marshal and his detail were leaving the shop a pet parrot perched upon the top of a big cage called out: "Look under the counter." The marshal did so, and caught the light-weight bread, and carried it away. The man was so mad at his parrot that after the soldiers had gone he wrung his neck and threw him out into the gutter. But Polly was not dead by any means. In a few moments he opened one eye, ruffled up his feathers and staggered about until he came upon the carcass of a dead dog. Polly cocked his eye at the detestable canine and then said: "Say, partner, did you say any thing about that bread?"

OUR SCHOOL-GIRLS.

Some Hint That Young Ladies Would Do Well to Read.

The average school-girl rises only in time to eat a hurried breakfast and reach school at nine, says the Christian Register. The girls under twelve, who are not the ones that break down, are not too dignified to romp at recess, and in that way they fill their lungs with fresh air every day. These about twelve or thirteen rarely have a breath of outside air from nine to two in the afternoon. They sit at their lunchboxes curled up in heaps in comfortable corners if they can find them. They take little exercise, except in a few schools, where they dance for a few minutes. A solitary lunch of cold or "warmed over" food on reaching home is followed usually by an hour or two of study instead of by a brisk walk or other exercise. There is more study after supper, ambitious girls studying late in the evening. If there is any well-established physiological fact it is that girls in their teens need an abundance of sleep, and sleep before midnight, if possible. The teachers must give a certain amount of home work to their pupils in order to keep them up to the grade, more is the pity, but, since that is a necessity, the fathers and mothers at home should make every thing else bend to that and health. There is no one thing that is so necessary and that might be so easily secured, if farmers were exercised, as a long night of sleep for the fast-growing brain and the girls' frames that are rapidly assuming the proportions of maturity.

By Cuddling Up the Angles.

Yves engineers are planning for an attack upon that hitherto virgin peak of the Alps, the Jungfrau. They propose to continue the present line of railroad from Interlaken to Lauterbrunnen as far as Stenbolberg, at the foot of the Jungfrau, and thence to ascend by a succession of steeply graded roads, forming a zigzag, to a height of some twelve thousand feet, landing nearly at the summit of the mountain, where there will be a hotel for the excursionists who are expected to make the trip by thousands daily. There will have to be five steps to the great stair-case, and a separate railroad for each step, making five changes of cars necessary to reach the summit.

The House on Thursday passed the Bankruptcy bill.

Dated Bridgeport, Mono Co., Cal., this 1st day of July, 1944. 1928-47

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